

An Excellent BALLAD, Entitul'd:
The WANDRING PRINCE of TROY.

To an Excellent Tune call'd Queen Dido. &c.



When Troy-town for ten Years Wars,
 withstood the Greeks in manful wise,
 Then did their Foes increase so fast,
 that to resist none could suffice,
 Waste lies those Walls that was so good,
 and Corn now grows where Troy-town stood.
 Aeneas wandering Prince of Troy,
 when he for Land long time had sought,
 At length arriv'd with great Joy,
 to mighty Carthage Walls was brought;
 Where Dido Queen with sumptuous Feast,
 did entertain her wandering Guest.
 And as in Hall at Meat they sat,
 the Queen desirous News to hear,
 Of thy unhappy ten Years Wars,
 declare to me thou Trojan dear,
 Thy heavy hap and chance so bad,
 that thou poor wandering Prince hast had!
 And then anon this worthy Knight,
 with Words demure as he could well,
 Of his unhappy ten Years Wars
 so true a Tale began to tell,
 With Words so sweet and Sighs so deep,
 that oft he made them all to Weep.
 And then a Thousand Sighs he fetcht,
 and every Sigh brought Tears again,
 That where he sat the place was wet,
 as if he had seen those Wars again;
 So that the Queen with Truth therefore,
 said Worthy Prince enough no more.
 The darksome Night apace grew on,
 and twinkling Stars from the Sky was spread
 And he his doleful Tale ad told,
 as every one lay in their Bed,
 Where they full sweetly took their Rest,
 save only Dido's boiling Breast.
 This silly Woman never slept,
 but in her Chamber all alone,
 As one unhappy always kept,
 unto the Wall she made her Moan
 That she should still desire in vain,
 the Thing that she could not obtain
 And thus in Grief she spent the Night,
 till twinkling Stars from the Skies were seen.

And Phœbus with his glittering Beams,
 thro' misty Clouds appeared red,
 Then Tydings came to her anon,
 that all the Trojan Ships were gone.
 And then the Queen with bloody Knife
 did arm her Heart as hard as Stone,
 Yet somewhat loath to loose her Life,
 in woeful Case she made her moan
 And rowling on her careful Bed,
 with sighs and sobs these Words she said.
 O wretched Dido! Queen quoth she,
 I see thy End approacheth near,
 For is he gone away from thee,
 whom thou didst love and hold so dear;
 Is he then gone and pass'd by?
 O Heart prepare thy self to die.
 Tho' Reason would thou should'st forbear,
 to stop thy Hand from bloody Stroke,
 Yet Fancy said, thou should'st not fear,
 who fetter'd thee in Cupid's Yoak,
 Come Death said she, and end the smart,
 and with these Words she pierc'd her Heart.
 When Death had pierc'd the tender Heart,
 of Dido Carthaginian Queen,
 And bloody Knife did end the Smart,
 which she sustain'd in woeful teen,
 Æneas being shipt and gone,
 whose Flattery caused all her Moan.
 Her Funeral most costly made,
 and all Things finish'd mournfully,
 Her Body fine in Mould was laid,
 where it consumed speedily;
 Her Sister's Tears her Tomb bestrew'd,
 her Subjects Grief their Kindness shew'd.
 Then was Æneas in an Isle,
 in Greece where he lived long space,
 Whereas her Sister in short Time,
 writ to him to his foul Disgrace;
 In phrase of Letter to her Mind,
 she told him plain he was unkind.
 False-hearted Wretch quoth she thou art,
 and treacherously thou hast betray'd.
 Unto thy Lure a gentle Heart,
 who unto thee such welcome made,
 My Sister dear and Carthage Joy,
 whose Tolly wrought her dire Annoy.
 Yet on her Death-bed when she lay,

she pray'd for thy Prosperity:
 Beseeching God that every Day,
 might breed thee more Felicity;
 Thus by thy Means I lost a Friend,
 Heavens send thee an untimely End.
 When he these Lines full fraught with Gall,
 perused had, and weigh'd them right,
 His lofty Courage then did fall,
 and strait appear'd in his Sight,
 Queen Dido's Ghost both grim and pale,
 which made this valiant Soldier quail.
 Æneas quoth this grisly Ghost,
 my whole Delight while I did live,
 Thee of all Men I loved most,
 my Fancy and my Will did give;
 For Entertainment I thee gave,
 unthankfully thou dig'st my Grave.
 Therefore prepare thy fleeting Soul;
 to wander with me in the Air,
 Where deadly Grief shall make it howl,
 because of me thou took'st no Care:
 Delay no Time thy Glass is runn
 thy Day is past thy Death is come:
 O stay a while thou lovely Sprite,
 be not so ready to convey
 My Soul into eternal Light
 where it shall ne'er behold bright Day;
 O do not frown! thy angry Look,
 hath made my Breach my Life forlook.
 But woe is me! it is in vain,
 and bootless is my dismal Cry,
 Time will not be recalled again,
 nor you suffice before I die,
 O let me live to make amends,
 unto some of thy dearest Friends.
 But seeing thou obdurate art,
 and will no Pity to me show,
 Because from thee I did depart,
 and left unpaid what I did owe,
 I must content my self to take,
 What Lot thou wilt with me partake.
 And like one being in a Trance,
 a Multitude of ugly Fiends
 About this woeful Prince did dance,
 no Help he had of any Friends;
 His Body then they took away,
 and no Man knew his Dying-Day.

